

82. Real. 308.

FEMALE POEMS

On several
OCCASIONS.

Written by *Ephelia*.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *William Downing*, for *James Courtney*, Anno Dom. 1679.

POEMS
FEMALE

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Occasions

Written by Epitaph



LONDON:
Printed by William Dering, for James
Carter, 1792.



To the most
EXCELLENT PRINCESS
MARY,
Dutchess of Richmond & Lenox.

AS he that Plants a tender Vine, takes care
To shelter it from the cold Northern Aire,
And place it where the Vigour of the Sun
May Cherish it, till it be stronger grown:
So I, that must a blooming Bud expose,
To greater Dangers than the North-wind blows;
Under some happy Shade wou'd have it grow,
Where it secure from Blasts may kindly Blow:
Than Your great Self, none fitter can I find;
For You, to all that need your Help, are kind:
So great your Power is, none will pretend
To oppress the Smallest thing that You defend:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Your Noble Clemency bids me be Bold,
And lay it at Your Feet, Fear bids me hold;
Asks how I can but hope, that you, who enjoy
Such Mighty Wit, shou'd mind so poor a Toy?
But Fear I'll Banish, Hope shall be my Guide,
And I will AET a Miracle of Pride:
Omit th' Address that all to Greatness use,
And begg you'd Patronize an Infant Muse:
Give leave the front may with your Name be drest,
And then the World will value all the rest.
All know, great Madam, that you do Inherit
Your Noble Fathers far more noble Spirit:
In generosity you've Wonders done,
And Bounty's Prize from all Mankind have won:
Your Face was always Beauty's Standard thought,
Where all Pretenders to be try'd were brought:
Such noble Constancy dwells in your Breast,
Such gen'rous Scorn of Fortune you've exprest,
Ev'n when the greatest of her Ill you've had,
A Fathers fall, as undeserv'd, as sad:
Lost crouds of Noble Friends, a large Estate;
You bravely bore these sad Effects of Fate:
The Noble Richmond, and Great Howard, are
Losses that nothing ever can Repaire:*

Such

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Such Valiant, Comely, Loyal, Gallant Men,
The Court must never hope to shew agen:
Yet you with Patience these Stroaks sustain.
More Fortitude's in your Heroick Mind,
Than can be shown again by Woman-kind:
Had I a less Soul'd Patron, I shou'd fear
This idle Trifle would offend your Ear:
But Madam, your Indulgence doth extend,
Not only to Encourage, but Defend

Ephelia.

A POEM

The Epistle Dedicatory.

[illegible]

Ephelia.

MEMO

AN
P O E M

Presented to his
SACRED MAJESTY,
on the Discovery of the
P L O T.

Hail Mighty Prince! whom Heaven has design'd
To be the chief Delight of human kind:
So many Vertues croud your Breast, that we
Do almost question your Mortality;
Sure all the Planets that o're Vertue Reigns,
Shed their best Influence in your Royal Veins;
You are the Glory of Monarchial Pow'rs,
In Bounties free as are descending Show'rs,
Fierce as a Tempest when engag'd in War,
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;

In pitying Mercy, you not imitate
The Heavenly Pow'rs, but rather Emulate:
None but your Self, your Suffrings could have born
With so much Greatness, such Heroick Scorn:
When hated Traytors do your Life persue,
And all the World is fill'd with cares for you;
When every Loyal Heart is sunk with Fear,
Your Self alone doth unconcern'd appear;
Your Soul within, still keeps it's lawful State,
Contemns and dares the worst effects of Fate;
As the bright Majesty shot from your Eye,
Aw'd your tame Fate, and rul'd your Destiny.
Though your undaunted Soul bear you thus high,
Your solid Judgment sees there's danger nigh;
Which with such Care and Prudence you prevent,
As if you fear'd not, but would cross th'Event.
Your Care so nobly looks, it doth appear
'Tis for your Subjects, not your Self you fear:
Heaven! make this Princes Life your nearest care,
That does so many of your Vertues share:

On several Occasions.

3

If Monarchs in their Actions copy you,
This is the nearest piece you ever drew:
Blast every Hand that dares to be so bold,
An impious Weapon 'gainst his Life to hold;
Burst every Heart that dares but think him ill;
Their guilty Souls with so much Terror fill,
That of themselves they may their Plot unfold,
And live no longer than the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care, all else will needless prove,
Yet keep him safe too in his Subjects love,
Your Subjects view you with such Loyal eyes,
They know not how they may their Treasure prize:
Were you defenceless, they would round you fall,
And Pile their Bodies to build up a Wall,
Were you distress'd, 'twould move a gen'rous strife;
Who first should loose his own, to save your Life,
But since kind Heaven these dangers doth remove,
VVee'l find out other ways t' express our Love,
VVee'l force the Traytors all, their Souls resign,
To Herd with him that taught them their Design.

B a

A N

A N

ELEGY

On the Right Reverend

GILBERT SHELTON,

L^d Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

When I heard *Sheldon* had to Fate resign'd,
 A sudden Conternation seiz'd my Mind,
 Senseless I stood, the dangerous Surprize
 Kept back the Pious Tribute of my Eyes:
 And tho no words can e're my Grief express,
 Yet by their own, all may judge it's Excess:
 For when so good, so great a Prelate falls,
 The World must Celebrate his Funerals:
 And not a man in the vast Universe,
 But sends a Bleeding Heart t' attend his Herse:
 To tell his Vertues would whole Volumes ask,
 And were a Seraph's, not a Womans task.

Over

On several Occasions.

5

Over his Flock, so tenderly Austere,
He taught them both at once, to Love and Fear;
So strictly Pious, that to all that knew
His holy life, his Precepts needless grew.
Despis'd Religion did so Beauteous seem
In this blest Saint, it rais'd its first Esteem:
His head, a Receptacle did contain
More Learning than the world can boast again.
He made his Wealth and large Possessions be,
But humble Handmaids to his Charitie;
VVhich was so great, it might be truly said,
That by his Death the Poor were Orphans made;
VVhen ugly Treason flourish'd highest, he
Spight of the danger, own'd his Loyalty.
VVith joy he suffer'd for the Church and State,
And bore with ease the weightiest stroaks of Fate.
Stop! stop a while! fierce Rapture choaks my words,
And no expression to my Thoughts affords:
I am all admiration! and as well
Some heavenly Vision, as his Worth might tell.

ACROSTICH.

A ll sev'ral Beauties, Colours, Airs, and Grace,
 N one ever saw together in one Face:
 N o? hold a while; I do a Lady know,
 E ach several Beauty splendidly can show.

B ut alas! Beauty's but the smallest Grace,
 U nless it be i'th' Mind as well as Face:
 R are she is too i'th' Beauties of the Mind;
 Y oung, and yet wise; the wonder of her Kind,

ACROSTICH.

A polla hence! thy aid I do refuse;
 N o Nymph will I implore, nor yet no Muse;
 N o Nectar do I want, to write her praise;

G reat Subjects, without help our Fancies raise;
 I n thy sweet Face such charming Beauties be,
 L ess we at Angels wonder than at thee;
 B righter than Suns thy lovely Eyes appear,
 E ach Look doth a Majestick sweetness wear:
 R eign Sov'reign Queen of Beauty, Love, and VVir;
 T ill Death's cold hand shall teach thee to submit.

Loves

Love's first Approach.

Strephon I saw, and started at the sight,
And interchangably look'd red and white;
I felt my Blood run swiftly to my heart,
And a chill Trembling seize each outward part:
My Breath grew short, my Pulse did quicker beat,
My Heart did heave, as it wou'd change its Seat:
A faint cold Sweat o're all my Body spread,
A giddy Megrim wheel'd about my head:
VVhen for the reason of this change I fought,
I found my Eyes had all the mischief wrought;
For they my Soul to *Strephon* had betray'd,
And my weak heart his willing Victim made:
The Traytors, conscious of the Treason
They had committed 'gainst my Reason,
Look'd down with such a bashful guilty Fear,
As made their Fault to every Eye appear.
Tho the first fatal Look too much had done,
The lawless wanderers wou'd still gaze on,

Kind Looks repeat, and Glances steal, till they
 Had look'd my Liberty and Heart away:
 Great Love, I yield; send no more Darts in vain,
 I am already fond of my soft Chain;
 Proud of my Fetters, so pleas'd with my state,
 That I the very Thoughts of Freedom hate.
 O Mighty Love! thy Art and Power joyn,
 To make his Frozen breast as warm as mine;
 But if thou try'st, and can'st not make him kind,
 In Love such pleasant, real Sweets I find;
 That though attended with Despair it be,
 'Tis better still than a wild Liberty.

The Change or Miracle.

What Miracles this childish God has wrought!
 Things strange above belief! who wou'd have thought
 My Temper cou'd be to this Tameness brought?
 I, who the wanton Boy so long desir'd,
 And his Fantastick Godhead did deride,
 And laugh'd at Lovers with insulting Pride:

Now

On several Occasions.

9

Now pale and faint, beneath his Altar lie,
Own him a great and glorious Deity,
And want the pitty that I did deny.

For my proud Victor does my Tears neglect,
Smiles at my Sighs, treats me with disrespect,
And if I do complain, with frowns I'm check't.

Though all I sue for, be the empty bliss
Of a kind Look, or at the most a Kiss,
Yet he's so cruel to deny me this.

Before my Passion struck my Reason blind,
Such Generosity dwelt in my mind,
I car'd for none, and yet to all was kind.

But now I tamely bend, and sue in vain,
To one that takes delight t' encrease my pain,
And proudly does Me, and my Love disdain.

To

*To a Gentleman that durst not pass
the door while I stood there.*

S I R,

P Assion's force compels me now to write,
And aggravates the wrongs I fain wou'd slight:
They to my Soul in such loud clamours speak,
That Reason to resist them is too weak:
First Rage, or Anger, (call it which you please)
VVhispers my Soul, bear such affronts as these?
Can your great Mind be unconcern'd, when you
VVith your own Eyes did such a passage view?
Can you with Patience hear him say, he dare
Not stir from thence while that fond Fool is there?
Oh! where is all your former Greatness gone?
You in this Act the *Stoicks* have out done:
He calls you fond, and kind, but let him see
You can disdain such petty things as he:
Thus Anger counsel'd me to do,----but when
I strove to obey her Dictats, ah! then

Some:

On several Occasions.

11

Something like Pity in your Cause did plead,
And my faint Anger did in Triumph lead:
Shame pleaded next, and mildly did request,
She might not quite be exil'd from my brest,
VVhich she must be, if I shou'd entertain
But the least Thought of loving you again;
For when first notice of the words I took,
Such heat and blood into my Face it struck,
My self cou'd hardly tell for what it came,
VVhether I blush'd for Anger or for Shame:
But when your face I saw, I straight grew cold,
I started, trembl'd, and my Eye-balls roul'd:
The breath I had scarce serv'd me to retire,
E're in a Swound I gently did expire.
But my high Thoughts, and too too gen'rous Flame,
Scorn'd to be curbed by a needl'ss Shame:
Hate pleaded next, fiercer than all the rest,
And yet a greater stranger to my brest;
For my calme brest, till now was ne're the Seat
Of Surly Passion, or unruly Heat,

Hate

Hate urg'd, each Action look'd as done in scorn,
 Then asked if I to bear affronts was born:
 This and much more She said, but all in vain,
 Ill thoughts of you I ne're cou'd entertain;
 Your great Affronts, I witty Jests did think,
 And at coy Looks would turn my head, or wink:
 Nay, when you gave such proofs of your Disdain,
 That I must see't, I gav't another Name;
 I only thought you saw me go astray,
 And generously put me in my way.
 How strangely is my Life perplex'd by fate!
 I wou'd not Love, and yet I cannot hate.

First farewell to J. G.

Farewel my dearer half, joy of my heart,
 Heaven only knows how loth I am to part:
 VVhole Months but hours seem, when you are here,
 VVhen absent, every Minute is a Year:
 Might I but always see thy charming Face,
 I'de live on Racks, and with no easier place.

But

On several Occasions.

13

But we must part, your Interest says we must ;
Fate, me no longer with such Treasure trust.
I wou'd not tax you with Inconstancy,
Yet *Strephon*, you are not so kind as I :
No Interest, no nor Fate it self has pow'r
To tempt me from the Idol I adore :
But since you needs will go, may *Africk* be
Kinder to you, than *Europe* is to me :
May all you meet and every thing you view
Give you such Transport as I met in you.
May no sad thoughts disturb your quiet mind,
Except you'l think of her you left behind.

To

*To Mr. J. G. on his being chosen
Steward of his Club, presented
with the Laurel.*

Sir, by your Merit led, to you I bring
A Laurel-wreath, but 'tis too mean a thing
For your high VVorth and Parts, which we
In vain wou'd Blazon by such Herauldry :
For Laurel, Palme, and Olive, may set forth
Our Love to you, but not expresse your worth,
VVhich doth exceed these humble types, as far
As *Titans* Rays out shine a twinkling Star :
I'll say no more, lest while I make You best,
I seem Injurious to all the rest
Of this fair Company, who do all by me
Chuse you their Steward, and unanimously
Intreat your care, to make their Club to be
For Honour and Grandure, *The Society.*

To

To J. G. in absence.

DEAR Object of my Love ! didst thou but know
The Tortures, that I daily undergo
For thy dear sake, thou sure woud'st be so kind,
To weep the Troubles that invade my mind;
I need not tell thee that I dearly love,
No, all my Actions will my Passion prove :
For thee I've left the wise, the great, the good,
And on my Vows, not my Preferment stood.
Think then, dear *Strephon*, how unkind thou art,
To prove the Torturer of that tender heart,
That chose thee out to be its chief Delight,
And knows no real Joy but in thy sight.
Since first thy Courtship me to Love inclin'd,
Thou ne're hast been one hour out of my mind.
How tedious then must thy long absence be
To her, that wishes nothing else to see,
And lives not, but when in thy Company ?
Haste then dear Love ! for if thou longer stay,
My Grievs will make me sigh my Soul away.

Prologue

Prologue to the Pair-Royal of Coxcombs,
 Acted at a Dancing-School.

Gallants,

IF, as you say, you Love Varietie,
 VVe have some hopes, that you so kind will be
 To the poor Play, to give it your Applause,
 Though not for Wit, nor Worth, but yet because
 A Woman wrote it; though it be not rare,
 It is not common. VWomen seldom dare
 To reach so high, to entertain your Ears,
 VWhich strikes our Poets with a thousand fears
 Of your displeasure; yet some little Ray
 Of hope is left; for womens Pardons may
 Be gain'd with ease surely from Gentlemen;
 Be kind for once then to a Female Pen.
 VWhen you with women in discourse do sit,
 Before their Faces you'l commend their wit,
 Pray flatter now, the Poet heareth it:
 She hopes too, the great Wits, who croud the Age,
 Censure the Poets, and undo the Stage,

VVon't

Won't undervalue so their mighty Wit,
To Criticize on what a Woman writ:
Yet if you'll have it so, it shall be Naught,
They that dislike, are welcome to find Fault;
For She protests, She had no other ends
In writing this, than to divert her Friends:
Like, or dislike, She's careless, bid me say,
That you shou'd Censure only when you Pay:
True, they must fawn, that write for a Third day.
She scorns such Baseness, therefore will not sue:
But yet, bright Ladies, does submit to you; (blast,
Your Smiles may cherish, what their Frowns wou'd
Then when they Hiss, be pleas'd to Clap more fast;
She knows your Judgments are too clear, and high
To be Deceiv'd, but knows no Reason why
You may not Pardon all the Faults you spy.
Be kind then Ladies to this trifling Play,
Her Wit is now i'th' Bud, when blown, She may
Present you with a better; till It come,
This, Ladies, humbly begs a gentle Doom.

The first Song in the Play.

Begone fond Love, make haste away,
 Duty, not thee, our Souls must sway;
 Can thy Almighty Pow'r
 Find out no other Hearts,
 To shoot thy Fatal Darts,
 But hapless Ours,
 Who cannot, though we wou'd, Obey?
 What secret Pow'r is it, Controuls
 The Empire thou pretend'st o're Souls,
 That still thy shafts are lost,
 And still thou Shoot'st in vain,
 For they that feel most Pain,
 By Duty 're Crost,
 Or else unjustly meet Disdain.

Fondly

On several Occasions.

89

Fondly Men say, the VVorld doth move,
By Loves Command; for simple Love,
Alas! is Subject unto Fate:
Oh Love! Assert thy Pow'r,
And make the Dorards, in an hour
Our Faces hate,
And the young Knights like Swans or Turtles prove.

The Second Song.

Come quickly Death,
And with thy fatal Dart,
Release that Heart
That hath too long been thy great Rivals Slave:
Oh! stop that Breath
I languish out in pain;
Let me not Sigh in vain,
But quick and gently send me to my Grave.

For since that Swain
That I so dearly prize,
Doth scorn my Sighs;
And break those Sacred Vows to me he gave;
I'll not complain of Mans Inconstancie,
But humbly Beg of thee, with speed and ease,
To send me to my Grave.

And Love I'll still

Adore thy Deity,

And Worship thee:

If to my alter'd Shepherd thou'lt Relate,

Since 'twas his will, I should not call him mine,

I freely can Resign, and Die for him,

And glory in my Fate.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

The Play is dam'd; well, That we look'd to hear,
Yet Gentlemen, pray be not too severe.

Though now the Poet at your Mercy lies,
Fates wheel may turn, and she may chance to rise.

Though she's an humble Suppliant now to you,
Yet time may come, that you to her may Sue,

Pardon small Errors, be not too unkind,

For if you be, she'll keep it in her mind;

The self same usage that you give her Play,

She'll copy back to you another day.

If you her Wit, or Plot, or Fancy blame,

When you Addresses make, She'll do the same;

But if you'll Clap the Play, and Praise the Rime,

She'll do as much for you another time.

Welcome to J. G.

Those that can tell Heaven's Joy, when News is brought
 That some Poor Sinners dear Conversion's wrought,
 Might tell our Raptur'd Extracies, when we
 Receiv'd the News, that you were come from Sea:
 Each wore such Looks, as visibly express (Brest:
 Some more than common Joy, late smiling in his
 Great as your Friend's Joys, you will nothing find, T
 Unless the Grief of those you left behind:
 I can describe my Joy for your Return
 No more, then tell how I your Absence Mourn:
 Both are beyond the reach of words express,
 And to describe them, would but make them less:
 The Blessing of young Heirs is mixt with Pain,
 And by their Father's Deaths, Princes their Empires
 If then all pleasure meets with some alloy, (gain)
 Forgive me, Dearest Strepbon, if I say,
 I almost Grieve to think that thou canst be
 Six days in London, ere thou Visit me.

Wealth's

Wealth's Power.

How Happy was the World before men found
 Those metals, Nature hid beneath the Ground;
 All Necessary things She plac'd in View,
 But this She wisely hid, because She knew
 That it destructive to her work would be,
 And jar the comfort of her Harmony:
 No sooner Steel was Found, but men began
 To find new ways to Death, and cruel man
 Made Swords, and Spears, and Bows, and Darts, which
 First use'd on Beast (the
 VVho sell the Victims of his Cruelty:
 Pride, and Revenge, then Rag'd in every Soul,
 And Fiery Passion, Reason did controule.
 But when those Mines we re found which we call rich,
 Because their Glitt ring Beauty did bewitch
 And please our couen'd Senses, then with more
 Than mean devotion, man did Gold adore:

Deluded man did then this Trifle call
The chiefest Good, that cou'd to him befall:
How strangely, Frantick man, didst thou mistake,
When of this trash thou didst an Idol make:
For tho' to it thou didst no Altars rear,
Its Zealous Votary thou didst appear:
This fatal Poyson was by Heaven hid
I'th bowels of the earth, and when it did
By chance, i'th' Hesperian Garden shoot above,
Heaven, (knowing how mischievous it wou'd prove)
The passage did with watchful Dragons guard,
And made the way to misery, more hard
To pass, than that which lead to Bliss:
But all in vain, for had Heaven hidden this
I'th' Verge of Hell, man wou'd have fetcht it thence,
And thought it a sufficient Recompence
For all his pains; but when he had attain'd,
This much desired Curse, he thought he'd gain'd
A Blessing Heav'n wou'd Envy, but alas!
The worth, not in the Metal, but his Fancy was.

No Man did needless Merit now regard,
None Vertue sought, none Valour wou'd reward,
None Learning valu'd, none poor Wit did mind,
None honour'd Age, few were to Beauty kind,
All Gold ador'd, all Riches did Admire,
Beyond being Rich, no Man did now aspire.
Gold thus Advanc'd, and all things else neglected,
Justice depos'd, and Wildom disrespected;
They left the Earth to Wealth's more pow'rful sway,
And fled to Heaven, while Man did Gold obey:
Now Money reign'd in chief, and foolish Man,
A slavish servitude to Wealth began,
Kingdomes to Rule, and Princes to Advise,
Men fondly chose the Rich, and not the Wise;
All lov'd the Man that had a good Estate,
And Poverty was cause enough to Hate;
The Rich might all things do, and Plaudits have
For his worst Acts, but scarce the Poor cou'd save
His best from Censure: now it might be said,
Wealth had more Faults, than ever Folly made.

A Friend, though heretofore a Sacred Name,
 Now, nothing but an Empty Sound became;
 For as Mens Riches did or Ebb, or Flow,
 So less or more, their Friends did kindness show.
 Honour, that flew such noble Flights before,
 VVith gen'rous Pinions, now no more cou'd soare
 Such Highes, but check'd, to stoop did not disdain
 T'a gilded Lure, and ware a Golden Chain:
 Beauty, that all Men did for Heavenly hold,
 Forgot its worth, and sold its self for Gold:
 Nay Love, though more Divine than all the rest,
 Became a Mercenary; or at best,
 A mingled Compound of desire and wealth,
 If any's better, I must be had by Stealth:
 Marriage is Love and Joynture mixt together;
 And yet sometimes it happens that there's neither:
 But VVie this glorious trifle did disdain,
 VVealth strove to make it yield, but all in vain,
 More noble Objects gen'rous VVie did chuse
 To employ its Thoughts, and did this Trash refuse.
 VVealth

On several Occasions.

27

WVeaith threatn'd VVit it ever shou'd be Poor,
Yet VVit the Golden Calf wou'd not adore;
So when both saw their Labour was in vain,
They vow'd to part, and never meet again.

Song.

RAnging the Plain, one Summers Night,
To pass a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely *Phyllis* bow:
The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms,
In expectation sat
To meet such joys in *Stephen's* Arms,
As Tongue can ne're Relate

2.

Upon her hand She lean'd her Head,
Her Breasts did gently rise,
And every Lover might have read
Her wishes in her Eyes;

With

With every breath that mov'd the Trees,
 She suddainly wou'd Start,
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart.

3.

But He that knew how well she Lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had staid,
 Which both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
 The Melancholick Maid,
 You Gods she said! how oft he Swore,
 He wou'd be hear by One;
 And now, alas! 'Tis Six and more,
 And yet He is not come.

 Loves

Loves Cruelty, or the Prayer.

Speak cruel Love ! what is't thou dost intend ?
Oh ! tell me, have thy Tyrannies no end ?
Tho to thy Pow'r I have a Rebel bin,
May not Repentance expiate my Sin ?
Oh ! long e're this, if I had injur'd Heaven,
So true a Convert it wou'd have forgiven :
Four times the Sun his Yearly Race hath run,
Since first my Heart was by my Eyes undone ;
In all which time, thou scarce hast been so kind,
To give one Minutes Quiet to my mind ;
Thou takest from me the Relish of Delights,
My Days no Pleasure know, no Sleep my Nights :
With wandring thoughts each Pray'r thou dost pro-
(I offer to my God) and mak'st them vain. (phane,
Sometimes with Books I wou'd divert my mind,
But nothing there but J's and G's I find :
Sometimes to ease my Grief, my Pen I take,
But it no Letters but J G will make.

I seek

I seek Diversion in Company,
 But my discourse great Love, is all of Thee;
 In Sighs and Sobs, I Languish out the Night
 And all the day, in Tears I drown my Sight:
 Yet I no pity can from thee obtain,
 Thou'lt neither Cure, nor mitigate my Pain:
 Mercylefs Tyrant! Since thou wilt not Save,
 Quickly Destroy, and send me to my Grave.

The Reply, by a Friend.

W^HAT Pray'r incessant, to my Ears does fly?
 What proud Presumption me of Tyranny
 Accuseth? can Love whose pow'r is so Great,
 Be tax'd with Ingratitude, or Hate?
 Fond Girl forbear, and know that your Dispair
 Is want of Courage, cou'd you once but dare
 Your Victor, and my Vassal, you shou'd see,
 How Heav'n wou'd punish his inconstancy:
 But while your Hope on his fond Vows relies,
 And thinks Heaven minds those little Perjuries,

You

On several Occasions.

51

You quit the greater Pow'r, that you may claime
By Beauty's Conquest, the loss of it's your Shame:
When first to you he his Addreses made,
Smiles gave him Life, your frowns, strike him Dead;
But Viper like, being in your Bosom warm'd,
And his chill'd Soul being into Action charm'd
By th' Influence of your Beams, he straight denies
What gave his Love a Life, and from it flies;
From such a Rebel, as from Plagues i'dé run;
Twixt Love and Hate, is no comparison:
Nor is he worth your Anger, or your Scorn,
Do but forget that ever he was Born:
You can't believe the Gods would e're create
Ingratitude, that Quintessence of Hate.
Think him a *Spectrum*, that had only Shape
Without Substance, and Love did onely Ape,
Then reassume that Pow'r, that Nature's Law
Gives to your Sex; be Wise, keep Slaves in Awe:
Be generous in Love, Love not in vain,
'Tis base to Love, where we're not Lov'd again.

Celadon.

TO J. G.

Tell me you Hate; and Flatter me no more;
By Heaven I do not wish you shou'd adore;
With humbler Blessings, I content can be,
I only beg, that you would pity me;
In as much Silence as I first design'd,
To bear the Raging Torture of my Mind;
For when your Eyes first made my Heart your Slave,
I thought t'have hid my Fetters in my Grave:
Heaven witness for me, that I strove to hide
My violent Love, and my fond Eyes did chide
For glancing at thee; and my Blushes hid,
With as much care as ever Virgin did.
And though I languish'd in the greatest pain
That e're despairing Lover did sustain;
I ne're in publick did let fall a Tear,
Nor breath'd a Sigh i'th' reach of any Ear:

Yet

Yet I in private, drew no Breath but Sighs,
And Show'rs of Tears fell from my wretched Eyes:
The Lillies left my Front, the Rose my Cheeks,
My Nights were spent in Sobs and suddain Shreeks,
I felt my strength Insensibly decay'd,
And Death approach; but ah! then you convey'd
Soft Am'rous tales into my listning Ears,
And gentle Vows, and well becoming Tears,
Then deeper Oaths, nor e're your Seige remov'd
'Till I confest my Flame, and own'd I lov'd:
Your kinder Smiles had rais'd my Flames so high,
That all at Distance might the Fire Discry,
I took no care my Passion to suppress,
Nor hide the Love I thought I did possess;
But ah! too late I find, your Love was such
As Gallants pay in course, or scarce so much:
You Shun my sight, you feed me with delays,
You slight, affront, a Thousand several ways
You doe Torment with Study'd Cruelty,
And yet alternately you Flatter me.

D

Oh!

Oh! if you Love not, plainly say you hate,
 And give my Miseries a shorter date,
 'Tis kinder than to Linger out my Fate;
 And yet I cou'd with less regret have Dy'd,
 A Victim to your Coldness, than your Pride.

Song.

1.

Beneath a spreading Willows shade,
Ephelia, a harmless Maide,
 Sate rifling Natures store
 Of every Sweet, with which she made
 A Garland for her *Strephons* Head
 As Gay as ever Shepherd wore.

2.

She seem'd to know no other Care,
 But wether Pinks, or Roses there,
 Or Lillys look'd most sweet,

Scarce

On several Occasions.

35

Scarce thinking on her Faithless Swain;
Who Ranging on the neighb'ring Plain,
A wanton Shepherdess did meet.

3.

But by Mischance, he led her near
Th' Unlucky, Fatal Willow, where
His kind *Ephelia* fate;
He told the Kindness that she show'd,
Boasted the Favours she bestow'd,
And glory'd that he was ingrate.

4.

The Angry Nymph, did rudely tare
Her Garland first, and then her Hair,
To hear her Self abus'd:
Oh Love! (she said) is it the Fate
Of all that Love, to meet with Hate,
And be like me, unkindly us'd?

D 2

To

To my Rival.

Since you dare Brave me, with a Rivals Name;
You shall prevail, and I will quit my Claime:
For know, proud Maid, I Scorn to call him mine,
Whome thou durst ever hope to have made thine:
Yet I confess, I lov'd him once so well,
His presence was my Heav'n, his absence Hell:
With gen'rous excellence I fill'd his Brest,
And in sweet Beauteous Forms his Person drest;
For him I did Heaven, and its Pow'r despise,
And onely liv'd by th' Influence of his Eyes:
I fear'd not Rivals, for I thought that he
That was possess'd of such a Prize as me,
All meaner Objects wou'd Contemn, and Slight,
Nor let an abject thing Usurpe my Right:
But when I heard he was so wretched Base
To pay devotion to thy wrinkled Face
I Banisht him my sight, and told the Slave,
He had no Worth, but what my Fancy gave:

'Twas

'Twas I that rais'd him to this Glorious State,
And can as easily Annihilate:
But let him live, Branded with Guilt, and Shame;
And Shrink into the Shade from whence he came;
His Punishment shall be, the Loss of Me,
And be Augmented, by his gaining Thee.

Neglect Returned.

Proud Strephon! doe not think my Heart
So absolute a Slave;
Nor in so mean a servile state,
But if I say that you're Ingrate;
I've Pride, and Pow'r, enough, my Chains to Brave,

I Scorn to Grieve, or Sigh for one,
That does my Tears Neglect;
If in your Looks you Coldness wear,
Or a desire of Change Appear,
I can your Vows, your Love, and you Reject:

3.

What refin'd Madness would it be,
 VVith Tears to dim those Eyes,
 VVhose Rays, if Grief do not Rebate,
 Each hour new Lovers might Create,
 And with each Look, gain a more glorious Prize!

4.

Then do not think with Frowns to Fright,
 Or Threaten me with Hate,
 For I can be as cold as you,
 Disdain as much, as proudly too,
 And break my Chain in spite of Love or Fate.

On a Bashful Shepherd.

1.

Young Clovis, by a lucky Chance,
 His Lov'd Ephelia spy'd,
 In such a place, as might advance
 His Courage, and abate her Pride:
 VVith

VVith Eyes that might have told his Sute,
Although his bashful Tongue was mute,
Upon her gazed he,
But the Coy Nymph, though in Surprize,
Upon the Ground fixing her Eyes,
The Language wou'd not see.

2.

VVith gentle Grasps he woo'd her Hand,
And sigh'd in seeming Pain,
But this she wou'd not understand,
His Signs were all in vain:

Then change of Blushes next he try'd,
And gave his Hand freedom to slide

Upon her panting Brest;

Finding she did not this controul,

Unto her Lips he gently stole,

And bid her guess the rest.

3.
She blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,

And so much Anger feign'd,

That the poor Shepherd almost Dy'd,

And she no Breath retain'd;
 Her killing Frown so chill'd his Blood,
 He like a senseless Statue stood,
 Nor further durst he Woe,
 And tho his Blessing was so near,
 Check'd by his Modesty and Fear,
 He faintly let it goe.

Maidenhead:

Written at the Request of a Friend.

AT your Intreaty, I at last have writ
 This whimsy, that has nigh nonplust my wit:
 The Toy I've long enjoyed, if it may
 Be call'd t'Enjoy, a thing we wish away;
 But yet no more its Character can give,
 Than tell the Minutes that I have to live:
 'Tis a fantastick Ill, a loath'd Disease,
 That can no Sex, no Age, no Person please;
 Men strive to gain it, but the way they chuse
 T'obtain their Wish, that and the Wish doth lose,

Our

On several Occasions.

41

Our Thoughts are still uneasie, till we know
What 'tis, and why it is desired to:
But th'first unhappy Knowledge that we boast,
Is that we know, the valu'd Trifle's lost:
Thou dull Companion of our active Years,
That chill'st our warm Blood with thy frozen Fears:
How is it likely thou shoudst long endure,
When Thought it self thy Ruin may procure?
Thou short liv'd Tyrant, that Usurp'st a Sway
O're Woman-kind, though none thy Pow'r obey,
Except th' Ill-natur'd, Ugly, Peevish, Proud,
And these indeed, thy Praises Sing aloud:
But what's the Reason they Obey so well?
Because they want the Power to Rebell:
But I forget, or have my Subject lost:
Alas! thy Being's Fancy at the most:
Though much desired, 'tis but seldom Men
Court the vain Blessing from a Womans Pen:
Or bring Concomps, of a Sciller Down
Was half so proud, as I was of your Love:
That could great Jaws state my Envy move,
While

The Reconcilement.

IF you Repent, can I forgive your Crime;
 Except you Love again, and call you Mine:
 What Question's this? Ask some poor Slave if he
 Will take again his former Liberty:
 Some greedy Miser ask, that Gold had lost
 If hee'l Receiv't again: one that is tost
 In a fierce Tempest, on the raging Main,
 Ask if he wou'd be safe on Land again;
 Ask the Diseased, if they wou'd be Well
 Or ask the Damn'd, if they wou'd leave their Hell:
 But ask not me a Question So Vain,
 As, can you take my wandring Heart again.
 No Conqu'ring Hero e're did Foes persue
 VVith half the Pleasure, that I took in you;
 No Youthful Monarch, of a Glit'ring Crown,
 Or prating Coxcomb, of a Scarlet Gown
 VVas half so proud, as I was of your Love;
 Nor cou'd great *Juno's* State my Envy move,
VVhile

VVhile in your Heart I thought, I Reigned in chief.
 Then *Strepson*, think, how killing was the Grief
 That I sustain'd, to find my Empire lost,
 And servile *Mopsa* of your Conquest boast:
 None but a depos'd Monarch, made a Scorn
 By the rude Slaves that were his Vassals born,
 VVho while th' Imperial Circle grace'd his Brow,
 At awfull distance, to his Feet did bow,
 His Scepter snatch'd by an unworthy hand,
 That late was proud to waite his least command,
 But now th' Insulting wretch dares threat the Head
 Of him, whose Frown but late cou'd look him dead,
 Cou'd guess the horrid Tortures seiz'd my mind,
 VVhen I perceiv'd you were to *Mopsa* kind:
 That ill-look't Hag! who here had guilty bliss,
 (No not in thought) of such a daring Sin,
 Had you not broke the Solemn Faith you vow'd,
 Made me a Scorn to the Ignoble Crowd
 Of vulgar Nymphs, who now dare loudly prate
 Reviling tales, they durst not think of late.

I did almost to Death this usage Mourn,
 Yet tis forgot iⁿ th^e Joy of your Return,
 Your proofs of Penitence shall be but small,
 Look kind on me, and not on her at all.

Song.

O Bscute the Glories of your Eyes,
 Or give us leave to Love,
 To see, and not desire that Prize,
 Impossible must prove,
 Look not so nicely on your Slave,
 That at your Feet doth bow,
 When such enticing Looks you gave,
 To tempt the Fool so low.

Coy wanton Nymph, though you forbid
 Your Slaves to seek Redress,
 And force us keep our Torture hid,
 Your Guilt is ne're the less.

It cannot sure be Pity found;
But barb'rous Cruelty,
VVhen you with Pleasure give a VVound
So deep, you start to see.

To a Lady who (tho Married) could
not endure Love should be made
to any but her Self.

SAY, jealous *Phyllis*, what Humour's this?
No Shepherd can bestow a Smile or Kiss
On any Nymph, but you must pour and vex?
Wou'd you Monopolize the Masc'line Sex?
Is not the sprightly *Damon's* heart Your Prize,
Securely bound by *Hymens* Sacred ties?
Strephon and *Colin*, your Adorers are,
And bashful *Cleon* does your Fetters wear;
Young *Coridon* did by your Beauty fall;
Infatiate Nymph! wou'd you ingross them All?
Who doth not smile, to see what Pains you take
To watch our private Meetings, and to make

Our Amours publick, and if your list'ning Ear,
 By chance soft Amorous Discourses hear,
 Then raging Mad: with Jealousie and Pride,
 You curse the Shepherds, and the Nymphs you chide:
 But why thus Angry? if we entertain

The Heart and Love of some poor humble Swain,
 Who never his cheap Thoughts so high durst lift,
 As to present you with so mean a Gift;
 What wrong have you? why shou'd you break your
 If they to us present a *Linnet's Nest*, (Rest,
 A Wreath of Flowers, or a Bunch of Grapes,
 Filberts, or Strawberries, or the Roots of Rapes?
 When Lambs and Kids, are daily offer'd you
 By the great Swains, that for your favour sue;
 If any Shepherdess so bold dare be,
 T'invade thy Right, or proudly Rival thee,
 Th'had'st Reason for thy Anger; but while we
 Content with what you slight and scorn can be,
 Why shou'd you Envy, or disturb our Joys?
 Let us possess in Peace these little Toys.

ACROS:

SONG.
ACROSTICH.

Vain Girl, thy Muse to be more Modest teach;
E ndeavour not at things above thy Reach:
N o common Pen for this great Task is fit,
I t asks great *Dryden's*, or sweet *Conley's* Wit;
T' express the Beauteous wonders of your Face,
I nimitable Colours, Features, Grace,
A ngelick Sweetness, and a charming State;

C ompounded sweetly, on each Look doth wait;
O h, if my Fancy cou'd but reach your Worth,
O r find fit Epithets to set it forth,
K ings then to thy fair Eyes shou'd Homage pay;
E xpressing Thee more like the Gods than They;

SONG:

SONG.

A C R O S T I C H.

1.

You wrong me *Strepban*, when you say,
 I'm Jealous or Severe,
 Did I not see you Kiss and Play
 With all you came a neer?
 Say, did I ever Chide for this,
 Or cast one Jealous Eye
 On the bold Nymphs, that snatch'd my Bliss
 While I stood wishing by?
A gentle Sweetness, and a charming Grace,

2.

Yet though I never disapprov'd
 This modish Liberty;
 I thought in them you only lov'd,
 Change and Variety:
 I vainly thought my Charms so strong,
 And you so much my Slave,
 No Nymph had Pow'r to do me Wrong,
 Or break the Chains I gave.

3. But

3.

But when you seriously Address,
 With all your winning Charms,
 Unto a Servile Shepherdess,
 I'll throw you from my Arms?
 I'de rather chuse you shoud make Love
 To every Face you see,
 Then Mopsa's dull Admirer prove,
 And let Her Rival me.

Y ou prove at once our Torment and Delight,
 E namouring and dazling with your sight,
 N one can find words their wonder to express;
We ban us, poor Mortals, with your sight you bless.
 O r give to their Immortal Cares some ease,
 P rove it in any Form they like could please.

E

ACROS.

A CROSTICH.

Rarest of Virgins, in whose Breast and Eyes,
 A ll that is Vertuous and Lovely lies:
 C ou'd I describe but half thy Excellence,
 H ow wou'd the Gods with speed Bodies condense,
 E ternity for Thee they wou'd despise,
 L eave their Divine Abodes, new Shapes devise,
 L ovelier than that which *Danaë* did surprize.

P roud if in any Form they thee cou'd please,
 O r give to their Immortal Cares some ease;
 W hen us, poor Mortals, with your Sight you bless,
 N one can find words their wonder to express;
 E namouring and dazling with your Sight,
 Y ou prove at once our Torture and Delight.

ACROS

H

The

The Twin Flame.

F Ancestick, wanton God, what do'st thou mean,
To break my Rest? make me grow pale and lean;
And offer Sighs, and yet not know to who,
Or what's more strange, to sigh at once for two.
Tyrant! Thou know'st I was thy Slave before,
And humbly did thy Deity Adore:
I lik'd, nay, doated on my *Strephon's* Face,
And Sung his Praise, and thine in every place.
My Soul he singly sway'd, alone possesst
My Love, and reign'd sole Monarch of my Breast:
Was not all this enough? but thou fond Boy,
Wanton with too much Pow'r, (thy Self t'employ)
Must in my Breast (oh! let it ne're be told)
Kindle new Flame, yet not put out the Old?
Young *Clovis* now, (though I oppose in vain)
Succeeds not *Strephon*, but doth with him Reign:

And I, though both I love, dare neither choose,
 Lest gaining one, I shou'd the other loose:
 Both Fires are equal great, Flame equal high,
 Yet spight of this, a difference I descry;
 One wild and raging, furiously Devours
 My Peace, my Rest, and all my pleasant Hours;
 The other mild and gentle, like those Fires
 That melt Perfumes, creates as sweet desires:
 That doth with Violence to Passion tend,
 This climbs no higher than the name of Friend.
 Yes, greedy *Strephon*, you shall ever be
 My only Love, and singly Reign o're me:
 My Passion you shall Monopolize,
 You've such resistless Magick in your Eyes.
 Though *Gloria* Merits yours do far transcend,
 Yet I'm your Lover, and but *Gloria* Friend;
 Blindly I love you, yet too plain discover,
 He'l prove a better Friend then you a Lover.
 Accept sweet *Gloria* of that little part
 I can present of my unruly Heart.

Con'd

Cou'd I command my Love, or know a way
 My Stubborn, lawless Passion to sway,
 My Love I wou'd not Parcel, nor bestow
 A little Share, where more than all I owe:
 This undeserving *Strephon* I wou'd tear
 From my fond Breast, and place your Merit there:
 But 'tis not in my Pow'r, some hidden Fate
 Compels me love Him that I strive to Hate.
 That Love we to our Prince or Parents pay,
 I'll bear to you, and love an humble way:
 I'll pay you Veneration for your Love,
 And your Admirer, not your Mistress prove.
 Oh! be contented with the Sacred Name
 Of Friend, and an inviolable Flame
 For you I will preserve, and the first place
 Of all the few I with that Title grace:
 And yet this Friendship doth so fast improve,
 I dread, lest it in time shou'd grow to Love.

To a Proud Beauty.

Imperious Fool! think not because you're Fair,
That you so much above my Converse are:
VVhat though the Gallants sing your Praises loud,
And with false Plaudits make you vainly Proud?
Tho they may tell you all Adore your Eyes,
And every Heart's your willing Sacrifice;
O! spin the Flatt'ry finer, and perswade
Your easie Vanity, that we were made
For Foyles to make your Lustre Shine more Bright,
And must pay Homage to your dazzling Light;
Yet know what ever Stories they may tell,
All you can boast, is, to be pretty well:
Know too, you stately piece of Vanity,
That you are not Alone ador'd, for I
Fantastickly might mince, and smile, as well
As you, if Airy Praise my mind cou'd swell:

Nor

Nor are the loud Applauses that I have,
For a fine Face, or things that Nature gave;
But for acquired Parts, a gen'rous Mind,
A pleasing Converse, neither Nice nor Kind:
When they that strive to Praise you most, can say
No more, but that you're Handsome, brisk and gay;
Since then my Fame's as great as yours is, why
Should you behold me with a loathing Eye?
If you at me cast a disdainful Eye,
In biting Satyr I will Rage so high,
Thunder shall pleasant be to what I'll write,
And you shall Tremble at my very Sight;
VVarn'd by your Danger, none shall dare again,
Provoke my Pen to write in such a strain.

E 4 SONG.

SONG.

BE Judge, dear *Strephon*, was it kind,
Through ev'ry sense t' invade my Heart;
And when I had my Soul resign'd,
To play a Cruel Tyrants part?

2.

Being your Slave, I'm not so vain
To hope to have one minutes Ease,
But shou'd take Pleasure in my Pain;
If my Dear Conquerer it wou'd please.

3.

In Sighs, and Sobs, and Groans, and Tears,
And Languishment I pass the Day,
My Rest at Night is broke with Fears,
Yet you my Grief with Scorns repay.

4. But

4.

But Since you can so Cruel prove,
To mock the Sufferings you Create,
Triumph and Boast how much I Love,
I'll give your Mirth a speedy Date.

For know, Insulter, I disdain
To live to feed your Vanity;
My Blood shall wash out that fond Stain,
My Honour got by loving Thee,

There is no Reason for my Love or Hate;
Tis irremediable, as Death or Fate;
Tis not his Face, I've seen enough to see,
Tis not his Tongue, though sweet as mine;
For that at least is equal'd by my own;

To one that asked me
why I lov'd J. G.

Why do I Love & go, ask the Glorious Sun
Why every day it round the world doth Run:
Ask *Thames* and *Tyber*, why they Ebb and Flow:
Ask *Damask* *Roses*, why in *June* they blow:
Ask Ice and Hail, the reason, why they're Cold:
Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old:
They'l tell thee, Fate, that every thing doth move,
Inforces them to this, and me to Love.
There is no Reason for our Love or Hate,
'Tis irresistible, as Death or Fate;
'Tis not his Face; I've sence enough to see,
That is not good, though doated on by me:
Nor is't his Tongue, that has this Conquest won;
For that at least is equall'd by my own:

His

His Carriage can to none obliging be,
'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:
Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peevish, and Unkind,
Unconstant, False, to Jealousie inclin'd;
His Temper cou'd not have so great a Pow'r,
'Tis mutable, and changes every hour:
Those vigorous Years that Women so Adore,
Are past in him: he's twice my Age and more;
And yet I love this false, this worthless Man,
VVith all the Passion that a VVoman can;
Doat on his Imperfections, though I spy
Nothing to Love; I Love, and know not why.
Sure 'tis Decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
That I shou'd Love, and he shou'd be ingrate.

Intended

Intended Farewel to J. G.

Farewel, Dear Love! may'st thou have in Excess,
Pleasure, Delight, Content, and Happiness :
Oh may thy Joys but equalize my Grief,
Thine great, above compare, as mine beyond Relief :
'Twere vain to wish Fate wou'd to thee be kind,
'Twere vain for thee to bribe the Sea or Wind,
'Twere vainer yet to fear a Storm or Fight,
Who know thy Worth, such thoughts as these will
The Fates their Duty so well understand, (flight
Without my Wish, they'l bring thee safe to Land;
Thy Merits and it's charge, Heaven so well knows,
'Twill guard thee, though unpray'd to, from thy foes,
If thou hast any; But sure no one can
Pear hatred to so Great, so Brave a Man.
But if by chance, thy Princes Enemy
Shou'd hope to make your Ship their Prize to be,
Tell

On several Occasions.

61

Tell the Brave Captain, that he need not fear
Their Force, though Strong, for if thou but appear,
With Awful Reverence they'l strait Retire,
And hold it Impious one Gun to Fire:
Sav'd by thy Pow'r, they'l all acknowledge thee
The Guardian Angel of the Ship to be.

Mocked in Anger.

Farewel ungrateful Man, Sail to some Land;
Where Treach'ry and Ingratitude command;
There meet with all the Plagues that Man can bear,
And be as Wretched, as I'm Happy here.
'Twere vain to wish that Heav'n wou'd Punish thee,
'Twere vain to Invoke the Wind and Sea,
To fright thee with rude Storms, for surely Fate
Without a wish, will Punish the Ingrate
It's Justice and thy Crimes, Heaven so well knows,
That all it's Creatures it will make thy Foes:

(If

(If they're not so already) but none can
 Love such a worthless, such a sordid Man;
 And though we've now no publick Enemies,
 And you're too strong for private Piracies,
 Yet is the Vessel in more danger far,
 Than when with all our Neighbours we had War:
 For all that know what Guest it doth contain,
 VVill strive to Fire or Sink it in the Main.
 Plagu'd for thy sake, they all will reckon thee
 The *Achan*, or Accursed thing to be.

A Lovers State.

UNthinking Fool! wrong not thy Reason so,
 To fancy Pleasures in Loves Empire grow.
 Alas! a Lovers State is full of Fears,
 Their daily Entertainment, Sighs and Tears:
 The Cruel god, in Tortures did delight,
 And either Shoots at Rovers, or in Spight.

Amongst

Amongst his numerous Slaves, you'll hardly find,
One pair of Lovers mutually kind;
Or if they be, those mighty Bars of Fate,
Int'rest and Friends, their Persons separate:
An am'rous Youth, here for a Lady Dies,
Offering his Heart a Tribute to her Eyes:
With thousand Vows, which proudly she Rejects,
Sighs for another that her Sighs neglects.

A beauteous Nymph, whom Heaven and Nature made
To be by all Ador'd, by all Obey'd:

Though thousand Victims sigh beneath her Feet,
In all her Conquests can no Pleasure meet:

But for some Sullen Youth, who proudly Flies,
Dresses her Cheeks in Tears, in languid looks her
Here we shall Lovers find, possessing all (Eyes:

That by mistake, we Joys and Pleasures call;
And yet with Jealousies and Idlo fears,

Eclipse 'em so, that scarce a Glimp appears.

Men are unconstant, and delight to Range,
Not to gain Freedom, but their Fetters change:

I won't

And

And, what a Year they did with Passion seek,
 Grows troublesome, and nauseous in a Week:
 And the poor Lady, newly taught to Love,
 With Grief and Horror, sees her Man remove.
 Wonder not then thou canst no Pleasure see,
 But know thou seek'st it, where it cannot be.
 Who vainly seeks for Joys in Love, as well
 Might Quiet seek in Courts, and Ease in Hell.

A Vindication to angry Clovis.

DEAR Clovis, I can't thou entertain one Thought
 That I, who've with so many Hazards fought
 To oblige and please Thee, now wou'd blot thy Name,
 Or seek to Eclipse thy well deserved Fame?
 Shou'd but one word slip from my heedless Tongue,
 Against that Vertue I've admired so long,
 To expiate it's guilt, I'de in thy sight,
 The Impious Criminal in pieces bite.

Knew't.

On several Occasions. 65

Knew'st thou my thoughts, I then wou'd scorn to fear
The Envious Tales of any Whisperer:
But since that Object is not in thy ken,
My Heart's true Effigijs take from my Pen;
In my Esteem, thou hast so high a Seat,
All I think of Thee's, Eminently great:
From thy sweet Tongue, one word ne'er slip't away,
That holy Priests, or Angels, might not say:
Thy Actions so just, and free from Blame,
Heaven by thy Life it's Sacred Laws might frame:
The scatter'd Vertues that all mankind Share,
In thy great self alone united are:
These are my thoughts of Thee, and while they flow
Thus pure, my Tongue can no foul language know:
Those prophane Words cou'd never come from me,
For had'st thou Faults, I have no Eyes to see:
So fast the Ties of sacred Friendship bind,
That when I shou'd not see, I can be blind:
Thou know'st I can not wrong thee, if I wou'd;
And Clovis know, I wou'd not if I cou'd.

Last Farewel to J. G.

Farewell thou soft Seducer of my Eyes,
 That, in Loves shape, did'st Cruelty disguise,
 No longer shall thy lovely Melting Charms
 Bewitch my Soul, to please it's self in Harms;
 No more I'll show'r down unregarded Tears,
 No more I'll break my Rest, with Am'rous Fears;
 With Scorching Sighs, I'll blast my Lips no more,
 No more thy Pity I'll in vain implore;
 In Languishment, no more my Eyes I'll dress,
 But reassume that Heart thou did'st possess;
 For since the Guest thou wou'd'st not entertain,
 It was but just, it shou'd return again:
 Now 'tis my own again, with care, and Art
 I'll guard each passage that leads to my Heart;
 Love shall Resign, and Reason shall command,
 And Care and Wisdome Sentinels shall stand:

My

My treachrous eyes, nor thy more treachrous tongue,
Shall not betray me as they've done too long:
Nor will I cast one single Thought on Thee,
Unless my Heart again Assaulted be;
Then I'll remind it of thy Cruelty:
And though the Headstrong Passion shou'd prevaile
Against my Reason, yet this barb'rous Tale
Wou'd make the Rebel willingly Submit,
And change the Fever, to an Ague fit:
For who again wou'd venture on that Shore,
Where hee'd been split and Shipwrackt once before.

The Unkind Parting.

Lovely Unkind! cou'd you so Cruel be
To leave the Land e're you took Leave of me?
Explain this mystick Act, and let me know
Whether it doth your Hate, or Kindness show:
Lov'd you too well my Parting sighs to hear?
Or wanted Strength my kinder Tears to bear?

Or were you Tend'rer yet, and did decline
A solemn Leave, not for your Sake, but mine?
Lest my kind Heart o're charg'd with too much Grief,
Shou'd with my Farewell-sighs breath out my Life.
Or was it (how the very Thought doe's fright!)
To show with how much Contempt you cou'd slight?
Or did you love so little, that no Thought
Of poor *Ephelia* to your mind was brought?
No, no, 'twas none of these; I guess thy mind:
Strephon! thou knew'st I was so fondly kind,
That at the News of Parting, into Tears
I strait had melted, Thousand Am'rous Fears
I had Suggested to my self, and you
In Complaisance must needs have done so too:
You must have told how loth you were to part,
And vow'd that tho you went, I kept your Heart;
Omitted nothing tender Love cou'd shew,
From my pale Cheeks have kist the Pearly Dew;
Spoke all the tender'st things you cou'd devise,
And to the old added new Perjuries;

Vow'd

Vow'd Constancy in Absence, and then Swear,
A quick Return shou'd dissipate my Fear:
All of these pleasing Vanities, you knew,
A declar'd Lover was oblig'd to doe:
But to this trouble you wou'd not be brought,
But stole in silence hence; yet tho you thought
This Tale too long, and troublesome to tell,
You might have grasp'd my hand, and said Farewel;
At which dire Words, such Consternation wou'd
Have seiz'd my Soul, I senseless shou'd have stood
Till you beyond a Sigh's faint Call had fled,
Nay, till *Tangiere*, you'd near recovered:
This way, my Kindness cou'd not tiresome be,
Nor your Neglect wou'd not have troubled me.

Seeing *Strepbon* Ride by after
him I supposed gone.

STay lovely Youth ! do not so swiftly fly
From her your Speed must cause as quick to die :
Each step you take, hales me a step more near
To the cold Grave : (nor is't an idle Fear)
For know, my Soul to you is chained fast,
And if you make such cruel, fatal hast,
Must quit it's Seat, and be so far unkind,
To leave my fainting, breathless Trunk behind :
Your Sight unthought of, did so much surprise,
You might have seen my Soul danc'd in my Eyes,
But the cold Look you gave in passing by,
Froze my warm Blood, and taught my Hopes to die :
When you were past, my Spirits soon did fail,
My Limbs grew stiff and cold, my Face grew pale :
My Heart did Pant, scarce cou'd I fetch my Breath,
In every part nothing appear'd but Death :

Yet

On several Occasions.

71

Yet did my Eyes pursue your cruel Flight;
Nor ever mov'd, 'till you were out of Sight;
But then, alas, it cannot be express'd,
I faint, I faint, my Death shall tell the rest.

S O N G.

K Now, *Celadon* ! in vain you use
These little Arts to me :
Though *Strephon* did my Heart refuse,
I cannot give it thee :
His harsh Refusal hath not brought
It's Value yet so low,
That what was worth that Shepherds Thoughts,
I shou'd on You bestow.

2.

Nor can I love my *Strephon* less,
For his ungrateful Pride,
Though Honour does, I must confess,
My guilty Passion chide.

F 4

That

That lovely Youth I still adore,
 Though now it be in vain;
 But yet of him, I ask no more
 Than Pity for my Pain.

To Madam Bben.

M Adam! permit a Muse, that has been long
 Silent with wonder, now to find a Tongue:
 Forgive that Zeal I can no longer hide,
 And pardon a necessitated Pride.
 VVhen first your strenuous polite Lines I read,
 At once it Wonder and Amazement bred,
 To see such things flow from a Womans Pen,
 As might be Envy'd by the wittiest Men:
 You write so sweetly, that at once you move,
 The Ladies Jealousies, and Gallant's Love;
 Passions so gentle, and so well exprest,
 As needs must be the same fill your own Breast:
 Then

Then Rough again, as your Inchanting Quill
Commanded Love, or Anger at your Will:
As in your Self, so in your Verses meet,
A rare connexion of Strong and Sweet;
This I admir'd at, and my Pride to show,
Have took the Vanity to tell you so
In humble Verse, that has the Luck to please
Some Rustick Swains, or silly Shepherdess:
But far unfit to reach your Sacred Ears,
Or stand your Judgment: Oh! my conscious Fears
Check my Presumption, yet I must go on,
And finish the rash Task I have begun.
Condemn it Madam, if you please, to th' Fire,
It gladly will your Sacrifice expire,
As sent by one, that rather chose to shew
Her want of Skill, than want of Zeal to you.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

When Busie Fame, o're all the Plain
Phylens's Praises rung,

And on their Oaten Pipes, each Swain

Her Matchless Beauty sung:

The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield,

She had the sweetest Face;

No Emulous Disputes they held,

But for the second Place,

2.

Young *Celadon* (whose stubborn Heart

No Beauty e're cou'd move,

But smil'd to hear of Bow and Dart,

And brav'd the God of Love:)

Wou'd view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first

Such Silent Charmes to see,

With wonder Gaz'd, then Sigh'd, and Curst

His Curiosity.

To

To a Gentleman that had left
a Vertuous Lady for
a Miss,

Dull Animal miscall'd a Man, for Shame
Give o're your foolish tales of Fire and Flame:
The Nymphs abhor you, and your Stories hate,
Count you a Monster, barb'rously Ingrate:
Your fine sweet Face, in which such Pride you take,
Th' exactness of your clever, easie Make;
Your Charming Meen, bewitching Tongue, nor yet
The fancied Greatness of your boasted Wit,
Can now the meanest Nymph to Pity move,
Though once they taught the great *Phylena* Love:
Phylena, Glory of the *Surrey*-Plain,
The envy'd Wish of every hopeless Swain, (brought
Whose Artless Charms, the Proud and Great had
Upon their Knees, th' Old and Morose had taught
How

How to Languish, and they that durst not show
They were her Lovers, silently were so :
But you alone, did of her Conquest boast,
In that one Prize all Natures Wealth engross't :
But your insipid Dulness found more Charms,
More Pleasure in the wanton *Flora's* Armes ;
With Her you past your hours in idle Prate,
While poor *Phylena* unregarded fate :
Kind heart ! She wept ; and gently She Reprov'd
Your strange Ingratitude, told you, you lov'd
A Shepherdess that had a sickly Fame,
And wou'd bring Infamy upon your Name :
Who can believe ? With unheard Impudence
You own'd your Crime, and urg'd in your defence,
The Nymph sung charmingly, was very Witty,
Gay, Brisk, had Teeth ; oh ! infinitely Pretty :
Ingenious Lime-twigs, to catch Woodcocks on,
Pretty Ingredients to Dote upon !
Can you prefer these trivial Toys, that are
As common as their Owner, to the rare

Perfecti-

Perfections dwell in your *Phylens*'s Breast,
Things too Divinely Great to be exprest;
Her Vertues, though her Beauty shou'd decay,
Might Charm the **W**orld, and make Mankind obey.
Degen'rous Man! break this ignoble Chain,
That dims your Lustre, does your Honour stain;
Or you'l be judg'd for all your vain Pretences,
Not only to have lost your Wits, but Sences.

S O N G.

I.

E*Phelia*, while her Flocks were fair,
Was fought by ev'ry Swain,
The Shepherds knew no other care;
Than how her Love to gain:
In Rural Gifts, they vainly strove
Each other to Out-vie,
Fondly imagining her Love
They might with Presents buy.

But

2

But she did every Gift despise;
And ev'ry Shepherd hate,
Till *Strephon* came, whose Killing Eyes
Was ev'ry Womans Fate:
A while, alas! She vainly strove
The Bleeding Wound to hide,
But soon with Pain cry'd out, I Love,
In spight of all my Pride:

3.

The Wolves might now at pleasure Prey,
On her defenceless Sheep;
Her Lambs o're all the Plain did stray,
None in the Fold would keep;
But she regardless of these Harms,
In Pastimes spent the Day,
Or in her faithless *Strephons* Arms,
Diffolv'd in Pleasures lay.

4. But

But as Her num'rous Flocks decay'd
His Passion did so roo,
Till for a Smile the easie Maid
Was forc'd with Tears to woe:
But being Shrunk from few to none,
He left the Nymph forlorn,
Derided now by every one,
That she did lately scorn.

Fortune Mistaken.

THough Fortune have so far from me remov'd,
All that I wish, or all I ever lov'd,
And Rob'd our *Europe* of its chief Delight,
To bless the *Africk* world with *Strephons* Sight:
There with a Lady Beauteous, Rich, and Young,
Kind, Witty, Vertuous, the best Born among
The *Africk* Maids, presents this happy Swain,
Not to oblige Him, but to give Me Pain:

Then

Then to my Ears, by rattling Fame, conveys
 The Tale with large Additions; and to raise
 My Anger higher, tells me 'tis design'd,
 That *Hymens* Rites, their hands and hearts must bind:
 Now She believes my Business done, and I
 At the dire News wou'd fetch a Sigh, and Die:
 But She's deceiv'd, I in my *Strephon* grow,
 And if he's happy, I must needs be so:
 Or if Fate cou'd our Interests disjoyn,
 At his good Fortune I shou'd ne're Repine,
 Though 'twere my Ruin; but I exulte to hear,
 Insulting *Mopsa* I no more shall fear;
 No more he'll smile upon that ugly Witch:
 In that one Thought, I'm Happy, Great, and Rich;
 And blind *Dame Fortune*, meaning to Destroy,
 Has fill'd my Soul with Extasies of Joy:
 To Him I love, She's given a happy Fate,
 And quite destroy'd and ruin'd Her I hate.

To J. G. on the News of his
Marriage.

MY Love? alas! I must not call you Mine,
But to your envy'd Bride that Name resign:
I must forget your lovely melting Charms,
And be for ever Banisht from your Arms:
For ever? oh! the Horror of that Sound!
It gives my bleeding Heart a deadly wound:
VWhile I might hope, although my Hope was vain,
It gave some Ease to my unpitty'd Pain,
But now your *Hymen* doth all Hope exclude,
And but to think is Sin; yet you intrude
On every Thought; if I but close my Eyes,
Methinks your pleasing Form besides me lies;
VWith every Sigh I gently breath your Name,
Yet no ill Thoughts pollute my hallow'd Flame;

'Tis pure and harmless, as a Lambent Fire;
And never mingled with a warm Desire:
All I have now to ask of Bounteous Heaven,
Is, that your Perjuries may be forgiven:
That She who you have with your Nuptials blest,
As She's the Happiest VVife, may prove the Best:
That all our Joys may light on you alone,
Then I can be contented to have none:
And never wish that you shou'd Kinder be,
Than now and then, to cast a Thought on Me:
And, Madam, though the Conquest you have won,
Over my *Strepson*, has my hopes undone;
I'll daily beg of Heaven, he may be
Kinder to You, than he has been to Me.

To Damon.

Gay Fop! that know'st no higher Flights than Sense;
What was it gave thee so much Impudence,
T' attempt the violation of a Shrine,
That lodg'd a Soul so Sacred, so Divine?
Her lovely Face might teach thee to Adore;
But could not tempt thee to a loose Amour:
Such charming goodness in her Eyes appear,
Might strike a Satyr with an awful Fear;
But thou, less humane, and more wild than they,
Thy impious Passion durst before her lay:
Sweet Innocence, how she amazed stood,
To hear such Tales, how her affrighted blood
Flush'd in her Face, and then recoyl'd again,
To hear discourse so horridly Profane!
She look'd such things might teach thee to despair;
Dissolve thy Being, fright thee into Air:

But thy unpar'lel'd boldness durst despise
The Sacred Lightning that flasht from her Eyes ;
And by a second Guilt, durst tempt her Tongue
To thunder Vengeance on thee, for her Wrong.
Impious Criminal ! for this Offence,
Heaven hardly will accept of Penitence :
In tempting of her Vertue, know that you
Have done more than the Devil dar'd to do :
Audacious Villain ! sure, thou next wilt try
Deposing of thy God , to rule the Sky :
That Action hardly can more wicked be,
Than what already hath been done by Thee.
If e're again thy Crime thou do'st repeat,
Expect thy Ruine to be quick, and great.
With Thunder-bolts thou shalt be crush'd to Hell,
There with the Devils, and the Dam'd to dwell :
While that bright Maid, that thou would'st have
Shall be by Angels lov'd, by Men obey'd (betraid,

To

To *Phylocles*, inviting him to
Friendship.

BEST of thy Sex! if Sacred Friendship can
Dwell in the Bosom of inconstant Man;
As cold, and clear as Ice, as Snow unstain'd,
With Love's loose Crimes unfully'd, unprophan'd.

2

Or you a **Woman**, with that Name dare trust,
And think to Friendship's Ties, we can't be just;
In a strict League, together we'll combine,
And Friendship's bright Example shine.

3.

We will forget the Difference of Sex,
Nor shall the World's rude Censure us Perplex:
Think Me all Man: my Soul is Masculine,
And Capable of as great Things as Thine.

4.

I can be Gen'rous, Just, and Brave,
 Secret, and Silent, as the Grave;
 And if I cannot yield Relief,
 I'll Sympathize in all thy Grief.

5.

I will not have a Thought from thee I'll hide,
 In all my Actions, Thou shalt be my Guide;
 In every Joy of mine, Thou shalt have share,
 And I will bear a part in all thy Care.

6.

Why do I vainly Talk of what we'll do?
 We'll mix our Souls, you shall be Me, I You;
 And both so one, it shall be hard to say,
 Which is *Phylocles*, which *Ephelia*.

7.

Our Ties shall be strong as the Chains of Fate,
 Conqu'rors, and Kings our Joys shall Emulate;
 Forgotten Friendship, held at first Divine,
 T' it's native Purity we will refine.

To

To the Honoured *Eugenia*,
commanding me to
Write to Her.

Fair Excellence! such strange Commands you lay,
I neither dare Dispute, nor can Obey:
Had I the sweet *Orinda's* happy Strain,
Yet every Line would Sacrilege contain:
Like to some awful Deity you sit,
At once the Terror and Delight of Wit:
Your Soul appears in such a charming Dress
As I admire, but never can express:
Heav'n that to others had giv'n sev'ral Graces,
Some noble Souls, some Wit, some lovely Faces:
Finding the World did every one Admire,
Resolv'd to raise their Admiration higher:
And in one Piece, every Perfection croud,
So fram'd your Self, and of it's work grew Proud:

Each Rising Sun saw you more Good, more Fair ;
As you alone took up all Heaven's Care :
Such awful Charms do in your Face appear,
As fill Man-kind at once with Love and Fear.
VWho hear you Speak, must take your Tongue to be
The first Original of Harmony :
Your Meen hath such a Stately Charming Air,
As without Heralds doth your Birth declare :
Your Soul so Noble, yet from Pride so free,
That 'tis the Pattern of Humility.
Else I had never dar'd to give one Line
To your fair Hand, so Impolite as Mine.
Pardon, dear Madam, these untuned Lays,
That have Prophan'd what I design'd to Praise,
Nor is't possible, but I so must do,
All I can think falls so much short of you :
And Heaven as well with Man might angry be,
For not describing of the Deity,
In its full height of Excellence, as you
Quarrel with them that give you not your Due.

To

To the Beauteous Marina.

I,

Nature that had been long by Art out-done,
Resolved a Piece to frame;

So Beauteous, that sawcy Art shou'd own,
She was quite vanquished, and o're-thrown;
And all her mended Faces, after came.

In this Resolve, your lovely Self she made,
And lavish of her Graces,

Out-did her self, exhausted all her Store
Of ev'ry Sweet, till she cou'd give no more;
Bankrupt for ever, to all other Faces.

In Infancy all did the Bud admire,

But when full Blown, it rais'd our Wonder higher,

And Admiration grew into Desire,

2. VWhen

2.

When with your Sight the Change you bless,
Or walk the open Street,
A thousand Tongues your Praise express,
While dying Eyes aloud confess,
You have a Captive in each Man you meet.
When bashful *Clovis* chanc'd to spy
Your killing Face, with mine,
So much you charm'd that Shepherds Eye,
That my faint Lights he did despise;
And look'd as I my Empire must resign:
Though his each Look, I challenge as my Due,
He scarce gave one; his Eyes no motion knew;
But fixt as the dull Earth, with Wonder gaz'd on you.

Passion

Passion discovered.

I Thought, I'll Swear, that I could freely part,
With the small Theft I'd made of *Clovis* Heart.
'Tis true, of Him I still had in my Breast
Some busie Thoughts, that did disturb my Rest:
Yet like wild Passion it did not seem,
But lookt like Friendship, or at most, Esteem.
I thought his Heart was a too glorious Prize,
To be a Trophy to my twilight Eyes;
And when with Sighs he has his Passion show'd,
A thousand times I've wish'd, it were bestow'd
On sweet *Marrina*; thinking none beside,
Had Worth enough, to be young *Clovis* Bride:
And beg'd of Love, that he would give her leave;
He smil'd to see me thus my Self deceive:

Fancying

Fancying that lazy Friendship, that (alas!)
 Too late I found an active Passion was:
 To undeceive me, brought that Shepherd, where
 I, and *Marrina* both together were:
 The Swain surpriz'd, to me did hardly lend
 A squinting Glance; but to my Beauteous Friend,
 Pierce VVishing-looks from dying Eyes did send.
 I turn'd my Head, and sigh'd at the Disgrace,
 VVhile Love and Jealousie rag'd in my Face:
 Love laught out-right to see my Discontent;
 Now Fool (said she) thy fatal Pray'rs repent:
 Malicious God (quoth I) so much above
 My Self or Interest, I *cloris* love, (were
 That still I wish, that lovely Nymph and he united
 But wish not now the Killing-news to hear.

**To Coridon, on shutting
his Door against some
Ladies.**

C Onceited Coxcomb ! tho' I was so kind
To wish to see you , think not I design'd
To force my self to your unwilling Arms,
Your Conversation has no such Charms ;
Think less, those lovely Virgins were with me,
VVou'd thrust themselves into your Company ;
They've Crowds of Gallants, for their Favours sue,
And to be Caress'd, need not come to you :
'Gainst handsome VVomen rudely shut your Door,
Had it been Gallants, you cou'd do no more :
Faith, we expected with a horrid yelp,
Out of the VVindow you'd have cry'd, help ! help !

VVhat

What Outrage have you offer'd to our Sex ?
That you should dread we came but to perplex :
Or since I saw you last, what have I done,
Might cause so strange an Alteration ?
Till now, your wishing Eyes have at my Sight,
Spoke you all Rapture, Extasie, Delight :
But at the Change, I have a Critick guess,
So much of Friendship to me you profess,
More than your lazy Tongue can e're express ;
And your performance hath been so much less :
That Debtor-like, you dare not meet my Eyes,
Which was the reason of your late Surprize.
I'll tell you, Sir, your kindness to requite
A loving Secret, meerly out of spite :
A Secret four and twenty Moons I've kept,
I've sigh'd in private, and in private wept ;
And all for You : but yet so much my Pride
Surmounts my Passion, that now were I try'd,
And th' Heart so long I've wish't for, prostrate lay
Before my Feet, I'de spurn the Toy away :

And

And tho, perhaps, I wish as much as you,
I'll starve my Self, so I may starve You too:
And for a Curse, wish you may never find
An open Door, nor Woman when she's kind.

My Fate.

OH cruel Fate, when wilt thou weary be?
VVhen satisfied with tormenting me?
VVhat have I e're design'd, but thou hast crost?
All that I wish't to gain by Thee, I've lost:
From my first Infancy, thy Spight thou'lt shown,
And from my Cradle, I've thy Malice known;
Thou snatch'st my Parents in their tender Age,
Made me a Victim to the furious Rage
Of cruel Fortune, as severe as thee;
Yet I resolv'd to brave my Destiny,
And did, with more than Female Constancy,

Nor all thy Malice cou'd extort a Tear,
Nor all thy Rage cou'd ever teach me Fear:
Still as thy Pow'r diminish'd my Estate,
My Fortitude did my Desires abate;
In every state I thought my Mind content,
And wisely did thy cross Designs prevent:
Seeing thy Plots did unsuccessful prove,
As a sure Torment next, thou taught'st me Love:
But here thou wer't deceiv'd too, for my Swain
As soon as he perceiv'd, pity'd my Pain:
He met my Passion with an equal Fire,
Both sweetly languisht in a soft Desire:
Claspt in each other's Arms we sat all Day,
Each Smile I gave, he'd with a Kiss repay:
In every Hour an Ages Bliss we reap'd,
And lavish Favours on each other heap'd.
Now sure (thought I) Destiny doth relent,
And her insatiate Tyranny repent:
But how mistaken! how deceiv'd was I!
Alas! She onely rais'd my Hopes thus high,

To cast me down with greater Violence;
For midst our Joys, she snatch'd my Shepherd hence.
To *Africa*: yet tho' I was neglected,
I bore it better than could be expected:
Without Regret, I let him cross the Sea,
When I was told it for his Good wou'd be;
But when I heard the Nuptial Knot he'd ty'd,
And made an *Afric* Nymph his happy Bride:
My Temper then I could no longer hold,
I curs'd my Fate, I curs'd the Pow'r of Gold;
I curs'd the Easiness believ'd at first,
And (Heaven forgive me) Him I almost curs'd.
Hearing my Loss, to him was mighty Gain;
I check'd my Rage, and soon grew Calm again:
Malicious Fate, seeing this wou'd not do,
Made *Strephon* wretched, to make me so too.
Of all her Plagues, this was the weightiest Stroke;
This Blow, my resolv'd Heart hath almost broke:
Yet, spite of Fate, this Comfort I've in store,
She's no room left for any Ill thing more.

To One that Affronted the
Excellent *Eugenia*.

THing, call'd a Man ! Ambition cheats thy Sense;
Or, thou'rt deceiv'd with too much Impudence;
To think that Divine Creature you pursue,
Can be deserv'd, or merited by you :
Dare not to be so Impiously Rude,
To tax such Goodness with Ingratitude ;
One Smile from her will more Obligements pay,
Than shoud'st thou live ten Ages, thou could'st lay.
Thou talk of Obligations ! that wer't fram'd
To make proud man of his own Sex asham'd :
When in his greatest Pride, he cast an Eye,
On thy ill Manners and Deformity ;
He'l hate himself, and rather wish to be
An Ass, or Owl, than such a thing as thee.

Dar'st

On several Occasions. 99

Dar'st thou affront Her thou pretend'st t'adore ?
That Heavenly Mortal, if she be no more ;
Because to them better deserv'd it, she
Shew'd more respect, and more Civility ?
You rudely must Invite her to expose
Those God-like Men, unto your barb'rous Blows ;
She will not do't ; not that thy Arm she fears,
Or thinks thy Valour more refin'd than theirs :
Tho' in their Glory she designs no share,
Yet of their Honour she takes too much care ;
To let 'em Fight a despicable Thing,
That when they've Conquer'd, can no Trophy bring.
Know, Fool too ; thee she does too much contemn,
To let thee boast thou ever Fought'st with them.
To vex thee, they her Favourites shall be,
And make their Court still in abusing thee :
Abusing thee ! what have I vainly sed ?
What Nonsense unawares I've uttered !
The harshest *Satyr* that we can invent,
Is *Panegyrick* , when of Thee 'tis meant.

All my Invention cannot reach a Curse,
 For whatsoe're I think, still thou art worse;
 Yet I'll endeavour at One: Be't thy Fate
 To live the Object of *Eugenia's* Hate.

To *Clovis*, desiring me to bring
 Him into *Marina's*
 Company.

CHarming Insulter! sure you might have chose
 Some easier way than this you now propose,
 To try the boundless Friendship I profess;
 For if Fate can, this Task will make it less.
Clovis, believe; if any Thing there is
 I can deny your Merit, it is this:
 If I had Rocks of Diamonds, Mines of Ore,
 Engross'd the Pearls upon the Eastern-shore;

VVith

On several Occasions. 1011

VWith as much Joy, I'de lay'em at your Feet,
As Youthful Monarchs in new Empires meet.
Cou'd you be Happy by my Misery,
In any shape but this, I'de wretched be:
VWith ev'ry other Wish I wou'd comply,
But bright *Marina's* Sight I must deny:
That Gift's too prodigal; I'de rather part
With Life its self, and give my bleeding Heart
For I with Blushes own, that Sacred Fire
Once rul'd my Breast, degenerate to desire.
I thought it Friendship; Swore it should be so,
Yet spight of Me, it wou'd to Passion grow.
When to this worthless Heart, you did address;
With all the Marks that Passion cou'd express;
On my soft Neck your Pensive Head wou'd lay,
And Sigh, and Vow, and Kiss the Hours away.
Your Tears, and languish'd Looks I did neglect,
And wou'd not Love, yet highly did Respect;
Thought you the best of Men, and counsel'd you,
To turn your Passion into Friendship too:

Told you, my Heart was cruel *Strephon's* Prize,
His devour, tho neglected Sacrifice:
Wou'd often talk of sweet *Marina's* Charms,
And oft'ner with her lodg'd in your dear Arms.
Ah, fatal Wish ! ye Gods ! why shou'd you mind
The foolish Wishes made by Woman-kind ?
I ev'ry hour saw *Strephon's* Love decay ;
And *Cloris* more Endear'd me every day.
Why at so vast a Rate shou'd he Oblige ?
Or, why so soon shou'd he remove his Siege ?
That Hour that Mine began, Your Love did end,
You took my Counsel and became my Friend :
And by those Ties, did earnestly request,
That I wou'd make *Marina's* Heart your Guest.
Oh, cruel Task ! you Destinies, am I
In my own Ruine made a Property ?
Yet want the Pow'r the Treason to deny ?
Yes ; tho this piece of knotty Friendship be
Hard in its self, and harder far to me ;

I'll try, and in th' Attempt such Vigor show,
I'll make her Yours, tho Fate it self say no:
I'll tell your Merits in such soft, smooth Strains,
Shall leave a Thrilling Pleasure in her Veins;
And when my Tongue no sweeter Words can find,
I'll look, as there were ten times more behind.
Then speak again; nor leave her till I spy
She is Inthrall'd, and loves as much as I.
Then I'll present you with this Beaureous Slave;
The greatest Gift a Lover ever gave:
And when you cannot with happier to grow;
Then think with how much Pain I made you so.

In the Person of a Lady to
Bajazet, Her unconstant
 Gallant.

How far are they deceiv'd, that hope in vain
 A lasting Lease of Joys from Love to obtain,
 All the Dear Sweets we're promis'd, or expect,
 After Enjoyment turn to cold Neglect;
 Cou'd Love a constant Happiness have known,
 That Mighty Wonder had in Me been shown;
 Our Passions were so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant them an Eternal Date:
 So kind he look'd, such tender Words he spoke,
 'Twas past Belief such Vows shou'd e're be broke:
 Fix'd on my Eyes, how often wou'd he say,
 He cou'd with Pleasure gaze an Age away.
 When Thought, too great for Words, had made him
 In Kisses he wou'd tell my Hand his Sute: (mure,

So

On several Occasions.

105

So strong his Passion was, so far above
The common Gallantries that pass for Love :
At worst, I thought, if he unkind shou'd prove,
His ebbing Passion wou'd be kinder far,
Than the First Transports of all others are :
Nor was my Love weaker, or less than his ;
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss :
For him, my Duty to my Friends forgot ;
For him I lost---alas ! what lost I not ?
Fame, all the Valuable Things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than Wife.
How happy was I then ! how dearly blest !
When this Great Man lay panting on my Breast,
Looking such Things as ne're can be exprest.
Thousand fresh Loves he gave me every hour,
While eagerly I did his Looks devour :
Quite overcome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At every Look he gave, melted away ;
I was so highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pity'd those that dwelt above.

10

Think

Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man;
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and than }
My faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.

How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;

No, every Act has shewn I lov'd too well.

Since first I saw you, I ne're had a Thought,

Was not entirely yours; to you I brought

My Virgin Innocence, and freely made

My Love an Offering to your Noble Bed:

Since when, you've been the Star by which I've

And nothing else but you, I lov'd, or fear'd: (steer'd

Your Smiles I onely liv'd by, and I must

When e're you Frown, be shatter'd into Dust.

I cannot live on Pity, or Respect,

A Thought so mean, wou'd my whole Frame infect, }

Less than your Love I scorn, Sir, to accept.

Let me not live in dull Indifferency,

But give me Rage enough to make me die:

For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,

Before your Pity, I wou'd choose your Hate.

To

To Madam F.

Divineſt Thing ! whom Heaven made to ſhew
The very utmoſt that its Skill cou'd do :
If you had liv'd in ancient *Rome*, or *Greece*,
You had had Altars built you long ere this.
Not all the Pow'rs they worſhip'd, e're poſſeſt
Half of the Merit crouds your Noble Breaſt.
So Good, ſo Great, ſo Brave, ſo Heavenly Fair ;
Princes are proud your Lovely Chains to wear :
So perfect are the Vertues of your Mind,
Not Envy's ſelf, a ſingle Stain can find :
The Vaſtneſs of your Gallant Soul doth move
The World to pay an Univerſal Love.
Yet at an awful Diſtance they admire ;
Beyond a Veneration none aſpire.
Oh, may theſe Bleſſings have a laſting Date,
And You be ſafe from all the Strokes of Fate :
My Wiſh is vain, (and Pray'rs are needleſs too)
Heav'n is too Juſt to be Unkind to You.

SONG.

SONG

K Now, *Stephen*, once I lov'd you more
 Than Misers do their Wealth;
 I took from Heaven you to adore,
 And thought no Sin i'th Stealth:
 I knew no Joys, but what you gave,
 Nor ever had a Thought
 Of any state beyond your Slave,
 Freedom I never sought.

But since your strange Ingratitude,
 Cou'd the soft Favours slight,
 For which your Rivals vainly sue,
 Know you've no longer Right,
 To the least Joy that I can give,
 So unconcern'd I'll prove,
 The World shall easily believe
 That I did never love.

To

To the Angry Eugenia.

Incens'd Fair One ! if Forgiveness be
Not in thy Power to extend to Me ;
Which to believe, were such an impious Thought,
Heav'n scarce wou'd pardon, tho with Tears 'twere
Destroy at once the Creature that you hate, (sought.
And wrack me not with a sad ling'ring Fate :
Yet e're I Die, permit some small Defence,
Not that I will pretend to Innocence ;
That were to think that You have been Unjust,
Which let me Perish when I once Mistrust.
With all that Rev'rence that a Pious Jew
Wou'd name *Jehovah*, I should Speak of You :
But I, prophanely nam'd you in the Ear
Of Crowds unfit such Sacred Sonnds to hear :
Yet what I said, if traced, you will find,
Tho short of you, out-did all Woman-kind.

PIO *Female Poems*

My Fault was too much Zeal; this forc'd my Tongue
To tell the Worth it had Adored long.
My Life will witness this; for, Madam, know,
I love too well to Live and Injure You.

S O N G.

A H *Phillis*! had you never lov'd,
Your Hate I could have born
Contentedly, I wou'd have prov'd
The Object of your Scorn.
But you were once as soft, as kind,
As yielding Virgins be;
Gods! that That Face shou'd have a Mind
Stain'd with Inconstancy.

2

No Tongue can tell the Mighty Joy
Your Kindness did Create;
But the Sweet Rapture you destroy,
With suddain causeless Hate.

On several Occasions.

III

So have I seen a Rising Sun
Promise a Glorious Day,
But soon o're-cast, its Brightness gone,
Did to rough Storms give way.

To Madam G.

Sight of my Best Resolves, my Thoughts Aspire
To Speak, what I in Silence shou'd Admire;
How vainly I endeavour to express,
What none can e're describe, but make it less!
When your Composure was as first Design'd,
Heaven to a vast Extravagance was kind;
Beauty and Wit did lavishly Contest,
Who shou'd give most, which shou'd adorn you best:
A Stately Meen, soft Charms, a Face so sweet;
In You alone do all Perfections meet.

So

So Bright your Beauty, so Sublime your VVit, c2
 None but a Prince to wear your Chains is Fit. 19
 I wou'd wish Something, but all Heaven's Store 20
 Cannot afford One Single Blessing more: 21
 Honour nor VVealth you want; nor any Thing,
 Unless I wish you a Perpetual Spring
 Of Youth and Blooming Beauties; such as may
 Make all Your Envious Rivals pine away.

Epbelia.

F I X I S.

